

THE  
YPSILANTI SENTINEL.Will be published every Wednesday by  
JOHN VAN FOSSEN.Office over C. Stuck's Store, three doors  
west of the Post Office.TERMS—Two Dollars a year if paid in ad-  
vance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not  
paid in advance.Advertising on the usual terms of week-  
ly papers.

## POETRY.

From the Republic.  
POLITICAL LYRICS.  
*Liege, to His Majesty, King Caucus.*

My Liege,  
I have ever been true to your throne—  
My loyalty has been expensive,  
My conscience and promises, both are well  
known.  
As equally large and extensive.  
Remember my loyal, my earliest toast:  
"May the Albany Regency be  
The rallying point of Democracy's host."  
That toast, don't it speak well for me?

II.  
Am I not a sage? and since we are perplexed,  
My counsel must be of some force  
About the convention to meet in May next,  
In Baltimore city of course.  
Now mark my advice,—let no delegates go,  
But send a well chosen committee,  
Bill Marcy, Tom Ritchie, Tom Benton, you know  
Let them meet in Baltimore city.

III.  
Let delegates sit by their own fire sides,  
And send on their votes by the mail,  
For as the whole business is all cut and dried,  
Their meeting would nothing avail.  
Tom Benton could blaze the address to his  
mind.  
Tom Ritchie could gloss it all hollow,  
Bill Marcy could patch it up nicely behind,  
For all of the party to swallow.

IV.  
The Syracuse fixings and Washington votes,  
Are playing the d— I swear.  
If Van's to be President, this but denotes  
That I must be previously Mayor.  
Don't let the Convention meet in Baltimore,  
The delegates must not be sent on,  
But leave the whole matter as mentioned be-  
fore.

To Liege, Marcy, Ritchie and Benton.

THE MOON WAS SHINING SILVER  
BRIGHT.

BY L. GREENIER.

Tune—"Old Dan Tucker."  
The moon was shining silver bright,  
The stars with glory crown'd the night,  
High on a limb that "name old moon,"  
Was singing to himself this tune:  
Get out the way, you're all unlucky;  
Clear the track for old Kentucky!

Now in a sad predicament  
The Ladies are for President,  
They have five horses in the pasture,  
And don't know which can run the faster.  
Get out the way, &c.

They proudly bring upon the course,  
An old and broken down war-horse;  
They shout and sing, "O rumsey dumpsey,  
Col. Johnson killed Tecumseh!"  
Get out the way, &c.

And here is Cass, though not a dunce,  
Will run both sides of the track at once;  
To win the race will all things copy,  
Be sometimes pig, and sometimes puppy.  
Get out the way, &c.

The fiery southern horse Calhoun,  
Who hates a Fox and fears a Coon,  
Too too the scratch will not be able,  
For Matty keeps him in the stable.  
Get out the way, &c.

And here is Matty, never idle,  
A tricky horse that slips his bridle;  
In forty-four we'll see him soon,  
The little Fox can't fool the Coon.  
Get out the way, &c.

The balky horse they call John Tyler,  
We'll head him soon or burst his boiler;  
His cursed "Grippe" has seized us all,  
Which Doctor Clay will cure next fall.  
Get out the way, &c.

The people's favorite, HENRY CLAY,  
Is now the "Fashion" of the day;  
And let the track be dry or mucky,  
We'll stake our pile on Old Kentucky.  
Get out the way, he's swift and lucky.  
Clear the track for old Kentucky!

MAN AND NATURE—By the might of  
his intellect man has not merely made  
the elephant his drudge, the lion his di-  
version, the whale his magazine, but even  
the subtlest and most terrible of the ele-  
ments are the submissive instruments of  
his will. He turns aside or garners up  
the lightning; the rivers toll in his work  
shop; the tides bear his burdens; the hur-  
ricane rages for his profit. Fire and  
water struggle for the mastery that he  
may be whisked over hill and valley  
with the celerity of the sunbeams. The  
stillness of the forest at night is broken  
by the snort of the Iron horse, as he  
drags the long train from Lake to Ocean  
with a slaves docility & a giants strength.  
What has old romance wherewith to  
match the every day realities of the  
nineteenth century?—Rose of Sharon.

## MISCELLANY.

## MAJOR JONES' COURTESHIP.

Ainewille, Dec. 27th 1842.

Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir:—Crispus  
is over, and the thing's did. You know  
I told you in my last letter I was going  
to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a  
Crispus. Well, I did it, as slick as a  
whistle, tho' it come mighty nigh bein a  
serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all  
about the whole circumstances. The fact  
is, I'd made my mind up more'n twenty  
times to just go and come rite out with  
the whole business, but whenever I got where  
she was, and whenever she looked at me  
with her twining eyes, and kind o' bluish  
at me, I always felt sort o' strecked and  
faint, and all what I made up to tell her  
was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to  
save me. But you're a married man,  
Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you  
nothing about popin the question, as they  
call it. It's a mighty great favor to ax of  
a rite pritty gal, and to people as ain't  
used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't  
it? They say widders don't mind it no  
more'n nothin. But I'm making a trans-  
gression, as the preacher ses.

Crispus eve I put on my new suit and  
shaved my face as slick as a smoothin  
iron and went over to old Miss Stanley.  
As soon as I went into the parlor whar  
they was all sitting round the fire, Miss  
Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed  
rite out—

"There, there, ses they, I told you so,  
I knew it would be Joseph."  
"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.  
"You come under siser's chicken bone,  
and I do believe she knew you was com-  
in when she put it over the door."

"No I didn't do no such thing now," ses  
Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all  
over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss  
Kesiah, "you 'long to Joseph" now, jes as  
sure as there's any charm in the chicken  
bones.

I know'd that was a first rate chance to  
say somethin, but the dear little creature  
looked so werry and kept blushing so, I  
couldn't say nothin rite up to the pint as  
I tuck a chair and reached up and took  
down the bone, and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that  
bone now, Major?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live,"  
ses I, "as a Crispus present from the  
handomest gal in Georgia."

When I sed that she blushed worse and  
worse.

"Aint you shamed, Major?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give her a Crispus  
gift, Joseph, to keep all her life," ses Miss  
Carline.

"Ah," ses Mrs. Stanley, "when I was a  
gal we used to hang up our stockings!"

"Why, mother?" ses all of 'em, to say  
stockings rite afore—

Then I felt a little wretched too, cause  
they was all blushing as hard as they  
could.

"Highly-ighly!" ses the old lady—  
"what 'fament, I'd like to know what  
harm there is in stockings. People now-  
a-days is getting so mealy-mouthed that  
they can't call nothing by its name, and I  
don't see as they're any better than the old  
time people was. When I was a gal like  
you, child, I used to hang up my stock-  
ings and get 'em full of presents."

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised  
you one."

"But I didn't mean that," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you  
to keep all your life, but it would take a  
three bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you  
live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will," Major.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses  
I; "she ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes I will," ses Mary—but what is  
it Major?

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a  
bag big enough to hold it and you'll find  
out what it is in the mornin."

"Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah,  
and then whispered to her—they then  
both laughed and looked at me as mis-  
chievous as they could. They speeted  
somethin."

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if  
I hangs up a bag," ses Mary.

"And you promised to keep it," ses I.

"Well I will, caus I know you wouldn't  
give me nothing that was't worth keep-  
in."

hangin in the pie. It was monstrous  
unhandy to get into it, but I was tarrined  
not to back out; so I got some chairs on  
top of a bench and got hold of the rope  
and let myself down into the bag, but just  
as I was getting in, the bag swung agin  
the chairs, and down they went with a  
terrible racket. But nobody did't wake  
up but old Miss Stanley's grate big cur  
dog, and here he comed ripin and tarin  
through the yard like whirr, and round  
and round he went trying to find what  
was the matter. I sot down in the bag  
and didn't breathe louder than a kitten,  
for fear he'd find me out, and after a  
while he quit barkin. The wind began  
to blow bominable cold, and the old bag  
kep turnin round and swingin so it made  
me search as the mischief. I was fraid  
to move for fear the rope would break  
and let me fall, and that I sot with my  
teeth rattling like I had an ager. It seem'd  
like it would never come day-light, and  
I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so  
powerfully I would froze to deeth; for my  
hart was the only spot that felt warm,  
and it didn't beat more'n two licks a min-  
ute, only when I thought how she would  
be spiced in the mornin, and then it went  
into a canter. Limey the cursed old  
dog come up on the porch, and began to  
snell bout the bag, and then he backed  
like he thought he had tread somethin.  
"Bow, wow, wow!" ses he. Then he'd  
come egin, and try to get up to the bag.  
"Git out," ses I, very low for fear they  
would hear me. "Bow, wow, wow!" ses  
he. "Begone! you bominable fool," ses I,  
and I felt all over in spots; for I speeted  
every minit he'd nip me, and what made  
it worse, I could't see whar bouts he'd  
take hold. "Bow, wow, wow!" Then I  
tried coxin—come here, good feller," ses  
I, and whistled to him, but it wa't no use.  
That he stood and kep on his old  
whinn and barkin, all night. I could't  
tell when day-light was breakin, only by  
the chickens cawin, and was monstrous  
glad to hear 'em, for if I had to say that  
one hour more I don't believe I'd ever got  
out o' that bag alive.

Old Miss Stanley come out fast, as soon  
as she saw the bag, ses she.

"What upon earth has Joseph put into  
that long bag for Mary? I'd lay its a  
yearlin or some five animal, or Bruin  
wouldn't bark at it to call."

She went in to see the gals, and I sat  
thar, shiverin all over so I could't speak  
if I tried to—but I did't say nothin—  
Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My Lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh it's alive!" ses Kesia. "I sed it  
move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the  
rope," ses Miss Carline, "and let's see  
what it is. Come here, Cato, and let this  
bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss  
Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round  
the pie, and let the bag down easy on the  
floor, and I tumbled out all covered with  
corn meal, from head to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary.  
"It ain't the Major himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you promised to  
keep my Crispus present as long as you  
lived?"

The gals laughed almost to deeth, and  
went to brushing off the meal as fast as  
they could, sayin they were gwine to  
hang that bag up every Crispus till they  
got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her  
bright eyes, she blushed as beautiful as a  
mornin-glow, and sed she'd stick to her  
word. She was rite out of bed, and her  
hair wa't combed, and her bed wa't  
fixed at all, but the way she looked pretty  
was rale distractin. I do believe if I was  
froze stiff, one look at her charmin face,  
as she stood lookin down to the floor with  
her roguish eyes, and her bright curls  
fallin all over her snowy neck, would  
foth'd me too. I tell you what, it was  
worth hangin in a meal bag from one  
Crispus to another to feel so happy as I  
have ever since.

I went home after we had the laugh  
out, and set by the fire till I thawed.

In the forenoon all the Stanlys came over  
to our house, and we had one of the  
greatest Crispus dinners that was ever  
seed in Georgia, and I don't believe a  
happier company ever sot down at the  
same table. Old Miss Stanley and mother  
settled the match and talked over every-  
thing that ever happened in their fami-  
lies, and laughed at me and Mary, and  
cried about their ded husbands, cause  
they wa't alive to see their children  
married.

It is all settled now, except we haint  
set the weddin day. I'd like to have it  
set at once, but young gals always like  
to be engaged awhile, you know, so I  
spose I must wait a month or so. Mary  
(she says I must call her Miss Mary  
now) has been a good deal of trouble  
and botheration to me, but if you could  
see her, you wouldn't think I ought to  
grudge a little sufferin to get sich a sweet  
little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you  
possibly kin, I'll let you know. No more  
from your friend till deeth.

JOSEPH JONES.

## THE GREAT WEST.

The following extracts from the speech  
of the Hon. J. J. HARDIN, of Illinois,  
shows at a glance the importance as well  
as the resources of the Great West. We  
have no where seen a more compre-  
hensive statement of facts on the subject of  
which he treats than those compiled by  
him; and as a matter for future reference  
they are of great value for their authentic-  
ity and correctness:

In 1840 the population of the	
Western States was	6,376,972
In 1840 the population of the	
Atlantic States was	10,656,381
The area of the Western	
States in square miles is	839,930
The area of the Atlantic	
States in square miles is	418,559
The increase of the Atlantic States	
from 1830 to 1840 was at the rate of 16	
per cent.	

The increase of the Western States dur-  
ing the same period was at the rate of 73  
per cent.

The increase of the Atlantic States  
from 1810 to 1840 was as 100 to 173.4

The increase of the Western States  
from 1810 to 1840 was as 100 to 591.4

It will be thus found that whilst the  
Atlantic States have not doubled in thirty  
years, the Western States have, in the  
same time, augmented nearly six fold.

In some of the new States the increase  
far exceeded the general average; for in-  
stance, the decennial increase of Missis-  
sippi was 175 per cent., of Missouri 173  
per cent., of Illinois 202 per cent., and of  
Michigan 555 per cent.

The increase of the Western States will be very nearly  
equal, if they progress in population in the  
same ratio that they have done for the  
last ten years, and at every succeeding  
decade the relative strength of the West  
will increase on the Atlantic States. The  
above facts are taken from a work recent-  
ly published by Professor Tucker, of the  
University of Virginia.

The extent of steamboat navigation on  
the Western waters has been variously  
computed at from 12,000 to 15,000 miles,  
the latter estimate being, in my opinion,  
the most correct, as there are various riv-  
ers in the West the extent of whose naviga-  
tion is not yet known, as there have been  
no sufficient inducements offered to steam-  
boats to navigate them.

There are on the Western rivers 530  
steamboats, with an average tonnage of  
200 tons, equal to 110,000 tons.

Of these boats about 100 were built  
during the last year, and the average cost  
of each is ascertained to be about \$20,-  
000, making the first cost of the steam-  
boats in the West at \$11,000,000.

About 4,000 flat boats annually de-  
scend the Western rivers with every spe-  
cies of Western produce, which are des-  
troyed when they reach the South, and  
which cost \$500,000.

If we add together the amounts paid  
for insurance, for boat hands fuel, wear  
and tear of boats, interest at 6 per cent.  
on the amount invested, and for flat boats,  
it will show that there is an annual ex-  
penditure on the Western waters, for the  
transportation of passengers and freight,  
of \$15,000,000.

These boats are engaged in transport-  
ing an amount of freight which may sur-  
prise those who have not examined the  
facts of the case.

The downward trade to New  
Orleans is estimated at \$60,000,000

The upward cargoes at the  
same.

The trade arising from the  
manufactures of the cities  
on the Western waters and  
of the produce which does  
not descend to New Or-  
leans, and of the effects of  
emigrants is estimated at 70,000,000

The amount of goods brought  
by way of Pittsburgh and  
the Lakes down the West-  
ern rivers, from the East,  
may be estimated at 60,000,000

Making a total of values trans-  
ported annually amount-  
ing to \$250,000,000

The amount not only is enormous, but  
facts show that the increase of this trade  
is 10 per cent per annum.

It will appear by a report submitted to  
the present Congress, page 145 of Doc.  
No. 1, that the trade of the Lakes in 1841  
amounted to \$65,526,000. This trade  
has increased beyond all calculation, and  
was estimated in 1843 at \$100,000,000.

The extent of the lake coast is about  
5,200 miles, of which 2,000 miles belongs  
to Great Britain.

Without adverting to the trade on Ca-  
nals and railroads of the Atlantic States  
which must amount to \$200,000,000, it

will be seen that the Internal commerce  
of the U. S. on the Northern lakes and  
Western rivers amounts annually to  
\$350,000,000.

In reference to losses incurred in con-  
sequence of accidents, Mr. HARDIN said:

Those who have examined the subject  
state that one steamboat is lost by these  
accidents, on the average, in every week  
in the year. Estimating the loss of boat  
and cargo at but \$20,000, which is a very  
reasonable calculation, the annual loss is  
\$1,040,000.

In seventeen months preced- ing December, 1842, there were seventy-two steam- boats lost on the Western waters, which were esti- mated by a committee of in- telligent gentlemen of Cin- cinnati to be worth, without their cargoes,	\$1,200,000
Add for the loss of cargoes,	1,000,000
	\$2,200,000

And we have a loss in seven-  
teen months of \$2,200,000

Three-fourths of these accidents occur  
from snags and other similar obstacles,  
which might be removed if sufficient funds  
were expended for that purpose.

Mr. H. had not the data to state with  
absolute certainty the number of lives that  
are lost upon the Western waters annual-  
ly; but he felt confident that he was with-  
in bounds in stating the number of lives  
annually sacrificed by the neglect of the  
General Government to remove these ob-  
structions, at two hundred.—*Whig Stand*

## WANTED.

For the Oakland County Clay Club, a  
building 3000 feet square, with seats for  
the singers. The fact is, our club has  
been obliged to remove after former meet-  
ings, from place to place as the members  
increased, and no place has yet been  
found large enough for its convenience.  
The Executive Committee are complete-  
ly in a fix as to what they shall do with  
the people at the next meeting. For the  
one previous to the last, they procured a  
room supposed to be quite sufficient for  
all future purposes, and accordingly  
proceeded to fit it up with lights, seats,  
tables, &c. Before 8 o'clock it was  
found too small by half; the seats were  
broken down, and no one could get in or  
out. The band were obliged to come in  
at a back window, and when they ap-  
peared on the platform, a scene ensued  
which cannot be described. Three  
cheers were given for HENRY CLAY  
in order to let off some of the genuine  
Whig excitement which was accumulat-  
ing beyond all former precedents. The  
Vice President bawled order, order—but  
no order could be had; the house was  
too full; no one could tell who made the  
noise. After much exertion, compara-  
tive quiet was restored and the band pro-  
ceeded. "Old Dan Tucker," and other  
popular songs done after the latest style  
by de gem'en of color," met with a hearty  
response from the multitude; in the chors,  
all hands joined and voices too, and  
such a chorus was never heard in Pontiac  
before.

The meeting at the Court House on  
Friday evening last, was still larger, and  
more enthusiastic than the preceding ones.  
The house was filled to overflowing.

And now we say to our Whig breth-  
ren throughout the State, (who are or  
should be members of Clay Clubs) that  
we are organized and on hand to join  
with them in the special business of the  
year 1844—that is electing HEN-  
RY CLAY President of the U. States; and  
we hereby invite them "to lay aside  
all and singular their business and ex-  
cuses," and attend to that most important  
object.

"Hang out your banners on the outer  
wall,"—the People are coming—the  
excitement of 1840 was nothing to what  
we shall see next November. Thou-  
sands who never raised a note will be  
heard singing Clay songs with all their  
might before that time. The shout and  
the chorus will echo through the length  
and breadth of the country—from Maine  
to Mississippi, from Georgia to Mackin-  
now, the song will go round, and the  
voice "of melody shall be heard in the  
land."

Conventions of thousands and tens of  
thousands will assemble in every state;  
festivals, bannities and illuminations will  
be common pastimes in every village;—  
the Ladies will all join in the general re-  
joicings, free trade will be blown to the  
winds, HENRY CLAY WILL BE ELECTED,  
and Whig principles again, and forever  
triumphant. Stand firm under.—*Oak-  
land Gazette.*

Madam Catalini, the celebrated Italian  
singer, died at Rome in Dec. leaving a  
fortune of 333, 000 pounds sterling.

DANIEL WEBSTER has formed a law  
partnership in N. York, and purchased a  
residence on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

## THE COUNTRY PRESS.

The Union, from Florida to Maine, is resound-  
ing with notes of preparation for the ap-  
proaching political contest—a contest  
which all Whigs believe will involve the  
glory and prosperity of our common  
country, jeopardize the perpetuity of our  
free institutions. And yet, amid all this  
din of preparation we hear nothing said  
—we see nothing done to sustain the  
country Press, without whose aid there  
can be no perfect and efficient local or-  
ganization in the various towns, and vil-  
lages, and neighborhoods throughout the  
Union. The necessity of such organi-  
zation is so generally understood and ac-  
knowledgeed that we deem it unneces-  
sary to dwell upon the utter impossibility  
of succeeding in any great political move-  
ments without attending to this indispen-  
sible preliminary step. We therefore con-  
tend that those who are laboring to  
extend the circulation to cheap papers  
from the mammoth presses of our Atlantic  
cities, are doing a serious and irreparable  
injury to the Whig cause. For the neces-  
sary and legitimate support of the Coun-  
try Press is thus withdrawn and directed  
into other channels; and the natural and  
inevitable consequences are, that many  
papers of infinite political importance in  
the neighborhood are permitted to strug-  
gle under manifold difficulties for want  
of patronage which is perhaps thoughtless-  
ly bestowed upon the pampered press of  
of distant cities. It is the duty and in-  
terest of every good citizen, who is able to  
take one or more newspapers, to support  
if worthy of support, his own town or  
county paper first. If the full force of  
this obligation was felt, and the correla-  
tive duty more generally practised, the  
Country Press would soon assume a much  
more important position in the political  
and in the approaching contest, exercise  
a far more extensive and salutary influ-  
ence, in contracting erroneous impressions  
disseminating correct views and sound  
principles, and thus pave the way for that  
consummation so devoutly wished for by  
all true Whigs—the election of the patriot  
and statesman Henry Clay to the Presiden-  
cy.

We know Whigs who are laboring for  
the ascendancy of the party in their own  
districts, and yet their whole patronage to  
the newspaper press is bestowed upon  
our cotemporaries of the Atlantic cities,  
whilst their own county papers are in ma-  
ny instances languishing for want of suf-  
ficient patronage. This is all wrong;  
and in this matter the members of our  
party may learn a wholesome and salutary  
lesson from our political opponents, who  
support their country press to the extent  
of their ability. And to this fact, in some  
degree, may be attributed their repeated  
triumphs in the scarcely settled agricul-  
tural sections of the country. As we  
honestly believe that the adoption of a  
different course of policy on the part of  
the Whigs would contribute to the suc-  
cess of our party in the approaching  
struggle, we will take occasion to refer  
to the subject again.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

"The Clay men, may dismiss every  
hope of support from Mr. Calhoun. We  
say it positively and upon the best au-  
thority, that Mr. Calhoun will, in no event  
go for Mr. Clay."—*Richmond Ex.*

"We think it is in the School for Scan-  
dal, that Mrs. Candour informs Mrs.  
Sneerwell, that Miss Lollita Piper, has  
not got twins."—*Washington Spectator.*

ARISTOCRATS, ULTRA DEMOCRATS.—  
Mr. Brownson gives the following opinion  
of the demagogues of his party, and cau-  
tion the young in reference to them:

"Satan, when he has an object to gain,  
always disguises himself as an angel of  
light, so your aristocrat come to you in  
those days and in this country, always  
disguised as an ultra democrat."

"The young, the ingenious, the inex-  
perienced, should be on their guard against  
these wolves in sheep's clothing, and not  
through decent be led to take up doctrines  
as democratic, which cannot fail, if per-  
sisted in, one day to prove the total over-  
throw of democracy and civil freedom,  
and both public and private prosperity."

The Columbus Statesman says that  
"the con has come down." We would  
judge from the terrible cackling of the  
roosters of Locofocoism, that a dozen  
coons had come down upon them.—*Louis-  
ville Journal.*

Mr. McConnel, member of Congress  
from Alabama, was recently expelled  
from the Washington city theatre for in-  
decency, but has not been expelled from  
the House of Representatives. This  
shows that the theatre is a more decent  
establishment than the House.—ib.

Mrs. Sampson, wife of W. S. Samp-  
son, of Cincinnati, was burned to death by  
her clothes taking fire on the night of  
the 31st ult.